

Memorial Service

FOR

The Right Reverend Francis Marion Taitt

Litt.D., LL.D., S.T.D.

BISHOP COADJUTOR OF PENNSYLVANIA OCTOBER 4, 1929

NINTH BISHOP OF PENNSYLVANIA MARCH 1, 1931

DIED JULY 17, 1943



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA

SUNDAY, OCTOBER SEVENTEENTH

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-THREE

AT

EIGHT O'CLOCK

Order of Service

HYMN 464: "THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION"

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven he came and sought her
To be his holy bride;
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won.
 O happy ones and holy!
 Lord, give us grace that we
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with thee. Amen.

Samuel J. Stone, 1866

HYMN 111: "AWAKE, MY SOUL"

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigour on;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.

Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigour on;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

Philip Doddridge, 1755

SENTENCES: THE REV. FRANKLIN JOINER, D.D.
 President of Standing Committee

THE LORD'S PRAYER:

O Lord, open thou our lips

Answer: And our mouth shall show forth thy praise.

GLORIA:

Minister: Praise ye the Lord

Answer: The Lord's name be praised.

PSALM 148—Sung by Choir of St. Peter's Church.

FIRST LESSON —Wisdom 3

THE REV. E. FRANK SALMON, D.D.

Magnificat—Kitson—E Flat

SECOND LESSON—Hebrews 11:32 to 12:2

THE REV. CHAUNCEY E. SNOWDEN

Nunc dimittis—Kitson—E Flat

CREED, VERSICLES, PRAYERS—THE REV. JAMES M. NIBLO, D.D.

HYMN 266: "YE WATCHERS AND YE HOLY ONES"

Ye watchers and ye holy ones,
 Bright seraphs, cherubim and thrones,
 Raise the glad strain, Alleluia!
 Cry out, dominions, principedoms, powers,
 Virtues, archangels, angels' choirs,
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

O higher than the cherubim,
 More glorious than the seraphim,
 Lead their praises, Alleluia!
 Thou bearer of the eternal Word,
 Most gracious, magnify the Lord,
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

Respond, ye souls in endless rest,
 Ye patriarchs and prophets blest,
 Alleluia, Alleluia!
 Ye holy twelve, ye martyrs strong,
 All saints triumphant, raise the song
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

O friends, in gladness let us sing,
 Supernal anthems echoing,
 Alleluia, Alleluia!
 To God, the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!
 Amen.

Athelstan Riley, 1909

SERMON: THE REV. CROSSWELL MCBEE, D.D.
Rector, St. David's Church, Radnor

OFFERTORY: "How Blest Are They"—*Tchaikowski*
The offering is designated for the Endowment
of the Episcopate in Memory of Bishop Taitt

PRAYERS AND BENEDICTION:
THE RT. REV. OLIVER J. HART, D.D., S.T.D., LL.D.
Bishop of Pennsylvania

SEVEN FOLD AMEN

RECESSIONAL HYMN 290:

"HARK! HARK, MY SOUL!"

Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come";
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Frederick W. Faber, 1854, alt.

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

REV. CHAUNCEY E. SNOWDEN, *Chairman*

REV. JAMES M. NIBLO, D.D.

SAMUEL F. HOUSTON, LL.D.

Master of Ceremonies

REV. CHARLES H. LONG

Music

CHOIR OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA

Under the Leadership of

MR. HAROLD GILBERT, Mus.Bac.